THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. *Philadelphia, Saturday, March* 26, 1808. No. 13.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

——quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

(*Continued from page* 163.)

LETTER VIII.

Geneva.

My dear E——,

WE had as yet constantly followed the course of the Garonne, through a highly cultivated but flat country, whilst the view on the left had been bounded by the steep declivity beforementioned, which, however, was cloathed with vines. At length, not long after we had left Agen, the road inclined to the left, and we began to ascend, and were soon on the summit of the high ground. It is here that I could wish for the powers of description. The country which now offered itself to our admiration was in gentle waves, such as you might suppose from a continuation of the inequalities between the dwelling house at B—— and the overseer's cottage; of this every part appeared in high cultivation as far as the eye could reach, except where villages and gentlemen's houses intervened, or some rural church, or a clump of trees diversified the scene: it seemed the bosom of all-bounteous-nature swelling with delight and plenty: behind us, on turning, we beheld the river we had left; its banks were crowned with all that human art with industry could collect; there were houses, and cottages, and ancient castles, and cultivated fields, and a navigable river, and beyond all these various objects, there were the Pyrenees. To me they appeared like the Slate River mountain, as it is seen from B——, but extending a great way farther to the east and west, and with the additional importance of being the barrier between two great nations. I can conceive how the very name of these celebrated mountains excites your imagination, and that you are already think-

ing of Blanche and her sweetheart, and of the Banditti, and of Lodovico. Our six horses had for the last two or three posts been diminished to four, and we were allowed to keep that number afterwards on paying for five. Our mode of travelling was to set off after an early breakfast, to dine on bread and cheese, grapes and peaches in the carriage, and to make our principal meal at night, relying always on finding a good supper in consequence of our courier preceding us by about an hour: towards evening we descended from the high grounds and entered Moissac, an ancient town on the Tarn, a few miles above its junction with the Garonne; the river was about as broad as the branch of James's river, which is cross-on the road to Charlottesville, but deep enough for large boats, and with extensive low grounds; half way across stretches what remains of a bridge built by the English, or by the Romans, the people were not certain which, with a brick causeway leading to it, and a little higher up is a building which of all the houses I have yet seen in France would be the most agreeable residence to a friend of ours in Albemarle who likes his mill the most of all things in the world, after his family. It is a handsome stone house with very comfortable apartments, united with a large mill, which is carried out upon arches into the river, and having the wheels directly under: so that the gentleman to whom it belonged, and who lived in it had the satisfaction of being at home, the pleasure of receiving his friends, and the delight of being all day in his mill. From an elegant parlour which was at the extremity of the building, the door opened into a gallery where worked twenty pairs of mill-stones in their several recesses, and the contrast must in former times have been great from the one scene to the other, at present it is less so. The proprietor having emigrated, his family were turned out, and the property confiscated, and to allure the peasantry by an expedient very frequently had recourse to in these revolutionary times, it was sold out in shares so small as even to extend to the sixteenth part of a pair of mill-stones. I asked what was become of the Marquis, whose spirit of enterprise had enriched the neighbourhood, whose hospitality had descended even to the poor servants and horses that frequented his mill, and whose charity had long relieved the poor of his neighbourhood? He died, they told me, in exile. And his widow? She subsisted on the charity of a former *femme de chambre*. And his son? He had been there lately, but the proprietors of the mill, had formed a mob against him, and had driven him out of the town. From this new scene, and with mingled sentiments of admiration and of compassion, we returned to our inn and supped with a better appetite, than in sensibility we ought to have done. In the neighbourhood of Moissack, on the Tarn, and in several places on the Garonne, we saw floating mills; a mode of construction, which might very advantageously be adopted on many of our rapid streams in America. We were now soon again in the valley of the Garonne, and traversed the same fertile fields, as before; the peasantry were preparing to sow their wheat; hemp, tobacco, or artificial grass, occupied every spot, which was flat and moist, but whenever it swelled into somewhat of a hill, it was cultivated in vines, which were loaded with grapes, and these were as much at the discretion of travellers, as the cherries and peaches of an orchard by the road side, are in Virginia.

The houses, in general, were good, and the oxen the largest I had ever seen, but the persons at work in the fields, were principally women and old men; the young men had either been drawn away into the army, or were otherwise employed. We met with few travellers in carriages, or on horseback, but such was the succession of labourers, of soldiers and of other travellers on foot, that for the space of several hundred miles we

were never as much as five minutes without seeing some one: following us on the map, you will easily find Mountaban, where we halted at the gate, and sent to the posthouse for our houses, where for less than sixpence, we bought a basket of figs, grapes and peaches, besides being admired for our generosity.

I will not run the risk of tiring you by any further description of fine fields and fine prospects, but will hurry you along, although the vintage had begun, and might well deserve a few lines, up to the gates of the venerable city of Thoulouse; where you will be astonished to learn that notwithstanding the most diligent search I could not find a single person, who knew anything or indeed had ever heard of madame Cheron, who was afterwards madame Montoni. We passed on our way, not far from the town of Albi; which once gave name to a set of industrious and quiet people, whose religious opinions were so cruelly misrepresented, in the thirteenth century, and whose ruin brought on that of their sovereign, the Count of Thoulouse. It is, fortunately for the repose of mankind, of very little consequence, whether or not they believed in the tenets they were accused of holding: the probability is, that their interpretation of the Bible, was extremely similar to that of the protestants of a subsequent period; but it was their misfortune, as it was that of Marcel, Prevot des Marchands in Paris, in the fourteenth century, whose ideas of government and whose party-coloured hood have since been so successfully revived, to have made their appearance in the world some centuries too soon.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

Jacob Wagner, Esquire, formerly the chief clerk in the Department of State, and who discharged his Bureau duties with great advantage to his principals, and with great credit to himself has lately set up a valuable paper at Baltimore, which he edits with much ability. Its contents are principally political and commercial, but we are happy to perceive that the Belles Lettres are not wantonly neglected. Literature should always find some place in every miscellany, designed for general instruction. Some anonymous critick, who appears to be fortified by the skill of the scholar and adorned with the manners of a gentleman has recently commenced some liberal strictures upon the Memoirs of Anacreon, a work in expectancy and which we have more than once mentioned with the warmth of commendation. The ingenious authour has very adroitly defended himself against the random blows of an invisible adversary, and we think that the record of this literary warfare, will not be uninteresting to those who feel generous pride with respect to the literature of their own country. We cannot forbear adding that although we find much to admire in the urbanity of the unknown critick, we differ with him *toto cælo* in his opinion of the genius of Mr. Moore's poetry.

For the North American,

MR. EDITOR,

I cannot agree with the writer of some remarks prefatory to a work he has lately announced, in one or two of his observations on the merits of Moore's translation of Anacreon. I am surprised that any Greek scholar should have pronounced it the ablest work of the kind, or find in Mr. Moore the most adequate representative of Grecian poetry that our language affords. Rich he certainly is in poetick diction—nor is he deficient in ardour or fancy—yet his translation no more exhibits the poetry of Anacreon than the high-wrought copy by some modern artist resembles the chaste colouring and delicate touches of a master painter. The characters of Grecian poetry are *simplicity and fire*. Anacreon, though he consecrates his

lyre to festivity and love, *is highly remarkable for these qualities.* Pope versified the Iliad in a manner we wish to see imitated by no future poet. Under the studied and artificial graces of Mr. Pope's language the venerable form of the old bard disappears; and pomp and sound often usurp the place of significancy and sense. Moore has done the same with Anacreon. I would not, however, be thought to insinuate a comparison between that great and consummate poet and the translator of Anacreon. This would be to compare the variegated flower of the parterre with the majestick and towering poplar of the forest. Much can be alleged in apology for Pope, where little can be said in extenuation of Moore. It appears to me, that in place of the *simplicity* of Anacreon his translator has substituted his own luxuriant conceptions, adorned at the same time with the highest finish of language. If Anacreon, in his own artless dress, is thought to be too engaging, how much more dangerous to morals must be his voluptuous strains when heightened and adorned by all the refinement of expression? I need not say how much literature is likely to suffer from this mode of translation. In many late versions which have been given to the publick, we may already discern the influence of the example, and the probability of its defeating in time the end and design of translation. For my part, having read Anacreon in Greek, I can find little of his manner in Mr. Moore. In expression, he is more simple; in thought, more chaste and dignified. Even Anacreon, were he alive, would blush at the licentious ardour of his translator. I make these observations because every thing that invites to *literary discussion* has a tendency to *enlighten and invigorate the publick taste.* And in this country it is of no small importance to maintain the honour and integrity of learning. Far from thinking myself adequate to this task, nevertheless I would strive, with that small portion of energy which I possess, to preserve the purity and lustre of our literature. I know no works that have been more undeservedly popular than those of Mr. Moore. Every school-miss glows with unhallowed raptures as she peruses his version of the Teian bard, and graver criticks, forgetting the dignity of their office, have pronounced their approbation in the pompous strain of eulogy. His original pieces have had an unexampled circulation —A proof that in this country we have not yet learned to distinguish between the inspiration of true poetry and the dictates of a loose and sensual fancy. It is the province of criticism to preside over the springs of Helicon, to guard their crystal waters from the stains of impurity and lust, and to proscribe, with exemplary severity, the poet who administers to the polluted affections, or pandars to the vitiated taste. I now return to the authour of the elegant preface, that gave occasion to these remarks. To him I deem it superfluous to mention the motives that led to these observations, and I declare to him, with the most undissembled sincerity, that I feel the highest regard for his taste and genius. The grace and energy of his style bespeak a long and intimate acquaintance with the most finished models of our language; and a work executed by his hand is likely to do no small honour to American literature. For my part I look forward with anxious expectation to the publication of the Memoirs of Anacreon; a work by which curiosity and taste will at once be gratified, and to the support of which I trust every votary of liberal science will lend his approbation and zeal.

J. N.

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MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

To the Editor of the North American.

SIR,

Since my return to this city I have seen certain remarks in your paper on the preface to the *Memoirs of Ana-*

creon. The jacobin Journalists with their wonted ignorance and impudence have published some strictures on this essay which were only calculated to excite the contempt of its authour. Your correspondent adopts the style of a scholar, and though his vis or be down, yet the gentleman is plainly discernible. He, therefore, is entitled to a reply ; and he shall have it in the same spirit of candour which has dictated his remarks. The following is the sentence of the preface, to which he alludes.

"To the genius and industry of Thomas Moore, Esquire, we are indebted for one of the best translations that English literature possesses, and the liveliest exhibition of Grecian poetry that English literature can boast."

Upon this sentence your correspondent expresses his surprise "that any Greek scholar should have pronounced it the *ablest* work of the kind, or find in Mr. Moore *the most adequate* representative of Grecian poetry that our language affords."

Without making any claim to the character of a Greek scholar, I am willing to defend my assertion. I have quoted the above passages, because, by contrasting them it will appear that your correspondent has rather misapprehended my meaning. When he says "the *ablest* work of the kind" I presume he means the *ablest translation*, because that is the subject of his essay. My language is not so strong. Nor can the praise, that it is "the liveliest exhibition of Grecian poetry," be fairly changed into "the most adequate representation," &c. *Adequate* signifies equality, or, correspondence to, so as to bear an exact resemblance. Lively, means brisk.—Dryden's Dufresnoy will show the idea which I meant to convey by this use of the word. "Since a true knowledge of nature gives us pleasure ; a *lively imitation* of it in poetry or painting must produce a much greater."

The rugged consonants by which our tongue is clogged must always prevent an English writer from giving us an *adequate representation* of the melodious cadence of the Grecian lyre : but he whose language is pure, whose imagination is luxuriant, and whose versification is copious, need not despair of producing a *lively exhibition* of its sweetness.

We should always distrust our judgment where the partialities of an intimate friendship may create a bias, and a long habit of reading a particular book, with the intention of displaying its beauties in the most conspicuous light, may have some influence upon opinion. When the grey hairs of age have silvered our locks we are apt to recount the days that are gone with partial prolixity, and the scenes of our earlier years are drawn in the most glowing colours. So it is with an authour, especially if he be a youthful one. When he has completed his task, vanity and ambition conspire to magnify his labours and he is apt to call upon the world in no very modest terms to admire his work. If the canons of criticism should decide that I have spoken in exaggerated terms of the merits of Mr. Moore, I may claim some indulgence.

Anacreon was a voluptuary who lived but in the joys of friendship, of love and of wine. He flourished at one of the most polished periods of Grecian history. At the court of Polycrates, whom the courtesey of history, has saluted as the happy tyrant of Samos; he enjoyed distinction, ease and pleasure to an extravagant degree. At Athens he was equally caressed and equally happy. His poetry therefore bespeaks the gayety and the careless *tenour of his way.*

Anacreon did not write for posterity, but he delighted in the smiles of his associates.

When we read his odes we fancy that we see him reclining on a bed of fragrant flowers, and the trembling notes of the lyre vibrate on our ears. The roses bloom around him and every line breathes their perfume. We behold a train of jocund Bacchanals partaking of the generous goblet,

while the loves are listening to the notes of his song.

I do not agree with your correspondent when he speaks of *simplicity* and *fire* as qualities for which the poetry of Anacreon is *highly remarkable*. In some of his odes many instances of ease and natural strokes are distinguished, but, generally speaking, I do not discover much simplicity in his thoughts although it is evident in the structure of his versification. It is difficult to characterize his genius by any words which are analogous.—There is a vivacious, sprightly spirit which pervades his odes and they generally conclude with some ingenious turn that creates surprise rather than pleasure. Like Cowley, he has many conceits which impair the tenderness of his sentiments: and therefore I think Mr. Moore had his own version more immediately in his *mind's eye*, when he wrote this sentence: "The picture here has all the delicate character of the *semi-reducta Venus*, and is the sweetest emblem of what the poetry of passion ought to be; glowing, but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment." When a gentle inditer of a love-sonnet interrupts the tale of his woes to introduce a quaint witticism, we may laugh at his whim, but the tear of sensibility does not flow o'er his sorrows. Commiseration is lost in other emotions. The fine and delicate touches of the lover who writes from the inspiration of the best feelings of the heart, are speedily dissipated by Anacreon, in a stroke of wit or in a goblet of Falernian mingled with the fragrant wines of Chios. Mr. Moore writes differently. He appears to me to read an ode of his authour, and with his ideas glowing in his own mind, to make Anacreon sing as he would have done, had he been toping port at the *Crown and Mitre*, instead of regaling on the juice of the Grecian grape. He makes him write according to modern refinement.

The literary world is much divided as to the proper mode of translation. Some are in favour of this manner, and others would have every thing *done into English*, according to the letter of the original. This is an injury to the authour and must always be unsatisfactory to the reader. We are all taught to regard *the great father of epick song*, as one of the first of uninspired writers, but a majority of readers would laugh at him as an absurd heathen, if they had found the polished pages of Pope defiled by the epithet *ox-eyed*, applied as a feature of beauty in the goddess of Olympia.

Mr. Moore has adopted this manner of translation, and he may plead the unrivalled reputation of the poet of Twickenham to support his choice. Cowper has translated Homer with the persevering labour and honest fidelity of a Dutch commentator; but his version is as little admired as the monotonous flow and the sluggish regularity of a Dutch canal. The reason of this is, that common readers, will not take the trouble of carrying themselves back to the rape of Helen and the siege of Troy; and without this they cannot relish the translation of Cowper. But those who really wish to contemplate the rude revilings of rival princes and the coarse fare of valiant yet barbarous chieftains may read the lines of Cowper as a faithful representation, of the descriptions of Homer, as far as the difference of idiom and the language will admit. In Pope they may see the *Monsieur* Hector and *Madame* Andromache of Voltaire or any other finical French fop of literature It ought to be added, however, that no translator has succeeded so well in imitating the sweetness of versification, which distinguishes the poetry of Homer.

Let this liberty with his text be set down as one of the demerits of Mr. Moore, and I will state another.

No writer of ancient or modern days is more remarkable for the paucity of his epithets than Anacreon. In his lines every noun stands valiantly upon the strength of his own consequence without the aid of any blustering adjective. In this respect, Mr.

Moore differs from his authour.—There is a prodigality of expletive words which weakens his works, although it is almost inseparable from the structure of English verse. It is impossible to translate Anacreon without using many of these adjuncts, but they frequently weaken, although they sometimes invigorate the original.

Mr. Moore differs, too, in his excess of metaphor. Many of Anacreon's odes are as barren in this respect as the sandy soil of Lybia; but in Moore the most brilliant metaphors sparkle like the waters of Potosi. In this he has improved his authour; and every reader will pardon such violations of the integrity of the original.

I have not leisure, at present, to enter into such a "literary discussion" as your correspondent might wish: but no one is more anxious to see the "publick taste" of this country, "enlightened and invigorated," than the writer of this letter. My ideas of Anacreon and of Moore have been written hastily, but I hope that they have some claim to the character of correctness.

Have I given a correct character of the muse of Anacreon? If I have succeeded in this attempt let the picture be compared with the copy which we owe to the vivid pencil of Mr. Moore. In some instances he has not succeeded in transfusing all the elegance of his polished original. His lines are occasionally weakened by expletives, and the sense is sometimes corrupted by an extravagance of metaphor. But he abounds in felicities of fancy, in graces of diction, and in strokes of genuine genius which evince that he is the rightful inheritor of the lyre of Anacreon.

I open the volume of Anacreon at random. It is the 4th ode, which corresponds with the 32d in Moore's version. The subject is, the brevity of life; a theme on which many poets, and particularly Anacreon have feelingly descanted.

Reclining upon carpets of tender myrtles, and the leaves of the lotus, I wish to indulge myself in the delights of drinking.

This is the original; let it be compared with Moore's translation:

Strew me a breathing bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink.

If we make a fair allowance for the amplification of translation, when compared with the comprehensive brevity of the original, these lines appear to be strongly marked with the characters of ease and fidelity. To prove the superiority of Moore, I will contrast two translators with him; the latter of whom is more recent and therefore might have avoided the errours of his predecessours.

Reclin'd at ease on this soft bed,
With fragrant leaves of myrtle spread,
And flowery lote, I'll now resign
My cares, and quaff the rosy wine.
FAWKES.

In the original, the authour chooses to recline on flowers, but his translator, in tender regard to his constitution, has given him a bed instead of carpets; and to make him lie more easy, he makes him resign all his cares. Mad. Dacier informs us, that the ancients reposed on fragrant herbs, leaves, and flowers, and considered it a delicious indulgence.

Next to Fawkes we will place the Rev. Hercules Younge. The modest reader will no doubt startle at finding a reverend gentleman laying aside his cassock, to dig in this unhallowed soil. Yet so it is, that this man, who, as we are told by his biographer, divided his time between "study and the *conscientious* discharge of his parochial duties," and who was "surnamed the Christian Socrates," has not been ashamed to translate Anacreon.

Where flourish young myrtles the lotos among.
I wish for a bowl and to stretch me along.
YOUNGE.

Undoubtedly there are fewer superfluous words in this translation,

but we shall in vain look for the graceful air of Anacreon. This is the true old namby pamby of

A cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, and kitchen, and hall!

Again, Cupid, or as some read, Eros, his slave, being called upon to attend him in the capacity of a cup-bearer, he directs him "having folded his tunick round *his neck with a rush*, diakoneito methu moi, *serve me with wine.*"

In this delicious hour of joy,
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures round his snowy breast.
MOORE.

In decent robe behind him bound,
Cupid shall serve the goblet round.
FAWKES.

Bid love with papyrus his tunick confine,
Attend my commands and administer wine.
YOUNGE.

The ode concludes thus:

I wish, O! Cupid, to relieve my cares, before I travel to that dreary place —to the choirs of infernal spirits

Yes, Cupid! ere my soul retire
To join the blest Elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
I'll make my own Elysium here!
MOORE.

Now while I draw the *vital* breath,
Ere yet I lead the dance of death,
For joy my sorrows I'll resign,
And drown my care in rosy wine.
FAWKES.

With pleasure my soul, little Cupid, shall glow
Till call'd, horrid call, to the regions below.
YOUNGE.

On such poetry comment is unnecessary. Macpherson's opinion, though not a very modest one in his mouth, with some deductions, is pretty correct. "No writer should attempt to translate what he cannot imitate." Mr. Younge understands his original, and some people indulge their prejudice against Mr. Moore, so far as to pronounce his poetry superior to that of the latter. With them such verses as

When Bacchus has fully replenish'd the veins,
No trouble can reach or can teize us;
I *sing o'er the bowl*, am a stranger to pains,
And think myself *rich as a Crœsus*.
p. 53.

So fruitful is liquor of mirth,
Contented *I stretch at full length on the* ground. ib.

Let others love war—*bring a bottle, my boy!*
For have it I will and I must.
Dead drunk to lie stretch'd is allow'd to be joy,
But none to lie dead in the dust.
p 54.

The horse we observe has a character on't;
And Parthians are *guess'd* by the shape of their bonnet. p. 105.

have more elegance, more spirit, and more ease than any part of Moore; and they are also so much more like Anacreon too, that they are ready to swear, with Launce over the old shoe, "here's my mother's breath, up and down!"—with such readers argument is useless.

I have a few words to add, on the tendency of Mr. Moore's writings. Your correspondent speaks of him in a tone of unnecessary harshness. His poetry is dictated by a warm and glowing fancy, but I think it does not degenerate so low as to authorize the epithets of *looseness* and *sensuality*. So far from Anacreon's blushing for his licentious ardour, I believe he would clasp him to his bosom as a congenial soul. I have no fear of the "unhallowed rapture" with which J. N. says that every "school-miss peruses his version of the Teian bard." Our women are distinguished by their prudence and virtue. Their modesty would revolt from licentious ardour, while their feelings would sympathize in the delicate emotions of affection. I admit that there is much in Moore which they should not read; but if their morals are to be corrupted, we must ascribe the evil to those vitious and abandoned novels by which the presses are polluted. If they had not Moore, they would amuse their fancy with the profligate

translations of some *Rousseau in petticoats.*

The good opinion which your correspondent expresses in the conclusion of his letter is very flattering and I hope he may not be obliged to alter it. In answer to his wish I can only state that I have no expectation of seeing the Memoirs of Anacreon published *in this country* until times more auspicious to the pursuits of literature ~~may arrive.~~

SEDLEY.

For The Port Folio.

A Statistical Account of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge.

(Continued from page 187.)

Common justice to the subject has compelled so detailed an account of this undertaking. Actuated by no motives of mere personal compliment, it is deemed of publick utility to record for imitation, individual exertions, in cases wherein great objects have been accomplished by them, without any assistance from the publick funds; and where the want of scientifick and practical knowledge, was supplied by the constancy and singular attention of those who possessed no more talents or acquirements than are called for in the common affairs of life. Such successful examples are worthy of imitation; and will incite to perseverance, in laudable and necessary enterprizes; however apparently difficult and untoward; as many parts of this work have most undoubtedly been. Nor is it desired to recommend proceeding (where it can be avoided) in such hazardous undertakings, without professional engineers, both scientifick and practical.

Few would have persevered under all the difficulties attending this work; which in its execution (unavoidably protracted by the embarrassments attendant on building under water) occupied six years after the law was obtained. However humble the merit of those who engage in such undertakings may be considered, they are far greater contributors to the happiness and convenience of mankind, than those who, with victories and triumphs, dazzle while they desolate, and ruin and oppress the human race.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BRIDGE.

The masonry is executed on a plan suggested to the mason, uncommon, if not new. The walls of the abutments and wings, are perpendicular, without buttresses, and supported by interiour offsets.—These are found completely competent to support the pressure of the filling (which gravitates in perpendicular lines) without battering or contreforts. The abutments are 18 feet thick.

The wing walls nine feet at the foundations, retiring by offsets, till at the parapets, they are only 18 inches. The eastern abutment and wing walls are founded on a rock. Those on the western side are built on piles. The inclined plane of approach to the bridge, is elevated at an angle of 3 1-2 degrees.

Although the western pier has attracted most attention, that on the eastern side of the river, was first erected; and was attended with difficulties appearing often insurmountable. It is from 21 to 24 feet deep, below the tide, to the rock, on which the lower course is laid and bolted. The cofer dam was on a bad plan, though constructed as well as that plan admitted. Its materials were too slight and incompetent. Constant exertion, and repeated remedies for defects, were incessantly called for by frequent accidents. Every thing was new to all employed; but it was a school to teach experience. The footing of the piles was secured, and the dam saved from impending destruction, by an embankment of stone and sand, thrown around the bottom on its outside; and the latter washed in, and consolidated by the current. The same means were used at the western dam, and their utility decidedly proved. Both piers are of course, similar in their general configuration and composition. The first stone of the eastern pier, was laid September 5th, 1801. That of the western pier, December 25th, 1802. The time preceding was occupied in procuring plans, gaining information, and providing materials. These precautions, (always essential in great undertakings) forwarded the work, and ensured against delay and disappointment.

The frame is a masterly piece of workmanship; combining in its principles, that of king posts and braces, or trusses, with those of a stone arch. Half of each post, with the brace between them, will form the *vousseur* of an arch; and lines through the middle of each post, would describe the radii or joints. There are three sections of the frame, all similar. That in the middle divides the space into two equal parts, so that passengers in opposite directions, are prevented from interfering with each other.

The platform for travelling rises only 8 feet from a horizontal line, and the top, or cap pieces, are parallel to this. Of the sections, the middle one has the most pressure, owing to the weight of transportation, being thrown nearer to that section than towards the sides; to which the foot-

ways prevent its approach. These foot-ways are five feet in width, elevated above the carriage ways, and neatly protected with turned posts and chains. It has been conceived that the foot-ways would have been more advantageously placed on each side the middle section, to throw the weight of transportation to the sides of the bridge.

Mr. Palmer (who is believed to be the original inventor of this kind of wooden bridges) permitted with much candour, considerable alterations in the plan, accommodatory to the intended cover, the design whereof is original. These were so much approved by him, that he considers the Schuylkill bridge superstructure the most perfect of any he has built. It was finished in one season; and declared open for passengers and transportation, on the first day January, 1805.

The Schauffhausen bridge (which is now destroyed) much eulogized in Europe, was by no means equal to that on the Schuylkill. Any candid and intelligent architect, on inspecting the drafts of the one, examining the other, and the principles of both, would give a decided preference to the latter.—The design of this is more simple, its strength is greater, its parts are better combined, and more assistant to each other: and there is no useless timber in any part.

The timber of which both the frame and the cover are composed, (the roof, of cedar excepted) is of the best white pine.

The flooring of the platform is doubled, and in the whole 5 1-2 inches thick. The under course of white pine, 3 inches thick, is permanent, and well spiked and secured. The upper course is of sap pitch pine, slightly attached (2 1-2 inches thick) to be renewed as often as worn, either partially or generally, and with this the joints are broken. This mode of planking has been found, on the floating bridges, highly advantageous and economical. The under course admits of two or three removals of the upper, which wears before it decays. The floorings of wooden bridges are generally of single planks.

The *exteriour of the cover* is handsomely ornamented and painted. The under work imitative of stone, is well executed, by dashing the paint while fresh, with sand and stone dust. This is performed with so much ease and cheapness, that it is hoped it will introduce a like mode of ornamenting and protecting the surface of other wooden elevations. All apprehensions of scaling by frost, are proved to be imaginary.

A number of conductors, properly disposed, secure the superstructure from danger by lightning.

All that could be spared for ornament, was expended on the exteriour; as the interiour neither admitted nor required it.—The pediments of the entrances were intended to be finished with emblems of Commerce, on the east; and of Agriculture, on the west. They are designed, and were to be executed, by that eminent American naval sculptor, William Rush of Philadelphia; whose works as an artist, are admired, in whatever part of the world they are seen. It desirable that this *finish*, the expense whereof will be small, should yet be added. The pediments require it; to complete the design.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The Schuylkill bridge plan may be varied according to circumstances; and its principles preserved. In whatever varieties, projectors of other designs may indulge themselves, it is confidently believed that Mr. Palmer's plan will be found on long experience, to be the best. It is a unit in symmetry and movement; and all its parts support each other, like a *phalanx in tacticks*. In some instances Mr. Palmer has placed the platform for travelling, over the cap pieces and cross ties; or rather these latter become part of the frame of the platform. The great body of the frame is of course below. But this was not found eligible, where ice and floods were likely to assault the haunches, when the frame was thus depressed. The elevation of the abutments would require, for this plan, immense weight and expense of filling, and expose the walls to dangerous pressure.—Nor would it be so well calculated for heavy transportation. More important than all—it would be unfit for *covering* to such advantage. Notwithstanding this great improvement, was highly approved by Mr. Palmer it was not in his contemplation, as to *mode*, until the outline of the present cover was shown to him; although he said he had repeatedly, but fruitlessly, urged the measure of covering their bridges, in New-England. It is hoped this example will be followed, in all pontifical wooden structures of magnitude, hereafter. Bridges may, for most situations, be less expensive in the frame; the middle section may be omitted above the flooring; nor need they be more than 30 feet wide. This width was deemed sufficient by Mr. Weston, for bridges in general; though he considered that over the Schuylkill to require more than common space, for its constant and burthensome transportation. The Easton bridge, built under Mr. Palmer's directions, is 28 feet wide; and the frame of the middle section does not rise above the platform.—Its situation does not demand a plan, or call for dimensions, on a greater scale; and it is erected according to the *improved* work of the frame of the Schuylkill bridge.

Although the cover of the Schuylkill bridge compelled ornament, and some ele-

gance of design, lest it should disgrace the environs of a great city; these would not be necessary in such a degree, in other situations. Neatness of elevation and taste in design, may be shown at a small expense; and the workmanship and materials need be no more costly, than those for roofing and weather-boarding common frame buildings. The Schuylkill bridge roof required one hundred and ten thousand shingles, of 3 feet long and 6 inches wide; and other materials in proportion. Much of these may be saved, in narrower frames. The painting or coating, with the durable composition, in imitation of stone, which appears on the exteriour of the work, below the platform, (for which a recipe is subjoined) may be done at a small expense.—Mineral paints are the worst, for coating exposed to weather. The oil does not combine with the mineral, as it does with absorbent earths: and being extracted by the sun, leaves the mineral particles without adhesion, and they drop, or are washed away by rains, dews, and moisture. All oils or fats, are known, *chemically*, to be alike composed; and are better or worse, as they are or are not mixed with foreign matter. Linseed oil may be had every where, and fish oil is common. Ochres for colouring, (far preferable to minerals) abound throughout the country; and only require judicious exploration for their discovery. Clarified turpentine is a good substitute for oils; but a mixture of both is best. The less *forcing*, to accelerate drying, the better. Though inconvenient in some respects, the composition will be more durable, the longer it is in drying; but care should be taken, that it be not so thin as to *run*; or not retain the sand and paint. Sea sand, or earth mixed with marine salt, should be avoided, as being hostile to compositions or cements; and particulary when calcareous substances are combined. Some of the Delaware stone-cutters' sand, used with the Schuylkill bridge coating, was found to be liable to this objection. We have daily before us proofs of this fact in our plaistering: where the hair of salt hides is used. Every moisture of the room, or atmosphere, brings out stains and damp spots on our walls; to which papering will not adhere, as it does on other plaistering, into the composition whereof, salt hair does not enter. Chymists may account for this: but to them it is not yet clearly ascertained, whence the muriatick acid is derived; nor are its nature, and properties, accurately known.† Long and frequent experience has evinced, that the least mixture of this acid, or common salt,* with gypsum, produces a tertium, which renders it unfit for a cement; and also destroys its agricultural uses and properties.

† This acid forms, with calcareous matter, muriat of lime; which being deliquescent, will not indurate. Its strong affinity for water, attracts and retains the humid vapour of the air.

RECIPE FOR COMPOSITION TO IMITATE STONE.

The work should not be primed; though part of that at the bridge was so done, before it was determined to coat it with composition.

The paint used was common white lead and oil; as the painters preferred their own way, and the scaffolding could not remain at risk, while experiments on other paints were tried. It was conceded afterwards, that if there had been time to prepare and use other paint, and the urgency of despatch had not precluded delay for drying, fish oil and clarified turpentine with ochres, would have been more eligible.

As fast as the painter proceeded in his work, an adroit hand dashed on the sand and pounded stone dust. This was mixed in proper proportions, as to colour and consistency, which is only to be known by preparatory experiments; easily accomplished. It was thrown on with a common tin dust pan. The sand and stone dust must be free from moisture, or any tincture from marine salt. It was dried in the sun or a large iron kettle over a slow fire. A small proportion of plaister of Paris, was mixed with the sand and stone dust. A long trough containing the sand and dust, was placed under the work; and caught what did not adhere, so as to be thrown up again and prevent waste. The despatch with which this operation can be performed, exceeded expectation, both as to facility and economy. With marble dust, it may be made to imitate that stone. As soon as one coat is dry the other must be laid on. Two coats, well attended to, are sufficient. But this is left to the choice of those, who think another coat is required.

The joints are imitated by convex strips, sprigged on the weather-boarding; and

* Common salt is compounded of the muriatick acid, and soda. The latter substance abounds in the ocean, and other places, where common salt is found. The vitriolick acid of gypsum meeting with the muriatick, in the salt, expels it from the soda of the salt; and having a predominant affinity, forms sulphat of soda, or glauber salts. Good common salts should contain two thirds of soda, and one third muriatick acid; and is seldom pure in its combination as to proportion; or absence of foreign matter.

after the coating is put on, they are pencilled off, with white paint.

The following is a recipe much followed, and with invariable success, for barns and other buildings, in the country: and being particularly applied to roofs, it is called "*fire proof.*"

Take 20 gallons of fish oil; boil it 4 hours over a slow fire; and skim it as the feculence rises. Put in it 12 pounds of rosin, or an equivalent proportion of clarified turpentine. Before taking off the fire, mix ten gallons flax-seed oil, boiled in the common way. Grind and mix with the oil, a sufficient quantity of ochre (of what colour you please) to make the paint *thick* as can be well brushed on. As you brush on the paint, have your composition ready to sift, or dash on. It is thus made:

Take one bushel of ground plaister, calcined over a fire in a dry pot, or kettle. When cold, mix with it 3 bushels of stone dust or fine sand, dry, and the more gritty or siliceous, the better. Sift or dash on, as fast as the paint is laid on. When dry, the second coat is applied in the same manner. Live coals, in quantities, have been thrown on roofs thus coated without injury. It does not scale with frost, or melt with the hottest sun. The above is sufficient for a large roof.

The whole expense of the preceding composition including labour and laying on will not exceed $ 50.

	Feet.	In.
Length of the bridge, -	550	
Abutments and wing walls, -	750	
Total length, - -	1300	
Span of small arches - - (three in the whole number, including middle arch.)	150	
*Ditto of middle arch, -	194	10
Width of the bridge,	42	
Curvature of the middle	12	} The curvatures
ditto of small arches	10	} are catenarian.
Rise of the carraige way	8	
Height in the clear over carriage way, -	13	
ditto from surface of the river to the carriage way, - -	31	
Depth of water to the rock at the western pier	41	
ditto at the eastern pier	21 to 24	

Amount of toll when the work began for 1799, - - - $ 5000

Present rate, (1805.) - 13,000

The company have established commodious wharves, which were necessary for the safety of the abutments; and add greatly to the improvements of that front of the city.

President and Directors at the close of the Work.

President. Richard Peters.

Directors. John Dunlap, John Perot, Ebenezer Hazard, Thomas Savery, William Poyntel, Charles Biddle, Richard H. Morris, George Fox, Peter Browne, John G. Wachsmuth, George Reinhold, Anthony Cuthbert.

Treasurer. John Dorsey.

Building Committee. Richard Peters, Wm. Poyntel, Anthony Cuthbert, John Dunlap, Peter Browne, George Fox.

This account ought not to be closed without presenting for information, as well as to gratify curiosity, part of the report of the building committee, dated July 14th 1803. Signed, Richard Peters, John Dunlap, Peter Browne, George Fox, Anthony Cuthbert.

That it was thought proper to begin the work of this season on the eastern side, by laying the foundation of the abutment, and raising the eastern pier to the height required for the first timbers of the wooden superstructure; so that the whole of the wood work will be elevated above all floods and substances which might injure it when floating on and carried with violence by high freshes. The highest fresh ever known having risen 12 feet 8 inches above high water mark, we have elevated the masonry 16 feet 8 inches above high tide, to guard against all danger. From 5 feet above the proposed spring of the arches of a stone bridge where our cut stone ceases, we directed it to be carried up in range work, with hammered stone, as a facing; and the interiour bonded with large, long, and heavy stone, except at the end of the pier, up stream, where the cut stone is continued as high as any floating ice will probably assail it.—The whole of the work is well filled, laid

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*The middle arch was originally intended to be only 160 feet, but the dam could not be placed on the spot contemplated owing to the bareness and inequalities of the rock at the bottom.

It is highly creditable to those concerned in the direction and executive branches of this work, that no delay ever occurred through want of supplies, or prompt payment. Yet one million and a half of feet (board measure) of timber, and above 22,000 perches of stone, with all the subordinate and auxiliary materials required, were employed in this structure. The labour, the cost whereof was a great proportion of the expenditures, was obtained below the common rate, in most instances; owing to the regularity and certainty of payment.

in common mortar and grouted, so as to compose a solid mass, capable of resisting the most severe assault from ice, floods or floating timber. The terras mortar and clamping, cease with the cut stone, about five feet above high water mark.

When this pier arrived at its present height, the masonry of the eastern abutment was proceeded in ; and so far completed, as to be out of all difficulty. We then directed the workmen to commence the raising the western pier. This had been carried up, last winter, within eighteen inches of low water mark. The dam having stood the winter without much injury, though roughly treated by the ice, was pumped out on the 27th day of May last.—On examining the masonry with much attention we found to our great satisfaction, that there had not been the least alteration in the work by any accident. It had not settled an hair's breadth; but stood firm on its foundation, which we can now pronounce perfectly good, sound and immoveable. We were agreeably struck with the perfect state of the whole masonry ; which does great credit to Mr. Vickers the master mason.—The terras mortar used on the exteriour, is as hard as the stone ; and the common mortar of the interiour, as dry and indurated, though covered with water four months, as any cement, exposed in masonry to the open air for 12 months.

" We mention for the instruction of those who may have occasion to build where water covers or flows round the work, that rich mortar should never be used. Our common cement is composed of three parts sharp, clean, coarse sand, and one part lime. Sand is thrown into a bed of thin wash of slacked lime, and agitated till every grain is coated with lime, it then receives additions of sand till brought to its proper consistency for use.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

Edward G. Malbone.

There are several events which, from the importance of their nature, and the particular constitution of the human mind, can never lose their claim to its deepest interest. The impressions they produce, are not weakened by the frequency of their recurrence—although they come unsolicited, their influence is felt with undiminished strength. Such is the premature fate of men of talents—a subject that has ever filled the breast with solemn and affecting sympathies; sympathies which will attend it as long as man feels, and is mortal.

The death of Edward G. Malbone, which suggested these reflections, will prove their truth to all the admirers of merit. It has deprived his country of an ornament which ages may not replace. It has left a blank in the catalogue of American genius, which nothing has a tendency to supply. His talents as a painter, have rendered him celebrated in his own country and admired abroad. They secured to him that liberal patronage in America, which his professional associates have been compelled to seek in European cities.

It has long been a subject of regret, that the names of West and Copely are all we can boast of these eminent men, while their works are destined to grace the palaces of princes, and to add to the splendour of foreign capitals. Prevailing causes have precluded the possibility of fostering genius in this country. Wealth is the pillow upon which the nursling must be reared.—Wealth alone can requite the labours of the artist. But these causes are gradually yielding to the influence of taste and the advancement of our national prosperity. Hence we have been enabled to keep in his native land, an artist who would have been everywhere received with applause, and encouraged with liberality.

Mr. Malbone was a native of Newport R. I. He discovered a propensity for painting at an early period of life, which strengthened with his other affections, became at length so predominant, that he neglected every other amusement for its indulgence. When a boy, it was his delight to be wherever he could gain any insight into his favourite pursuit. He frequented the Theatre, to contemplate the illusions of scenery ; and by the regularity of his attentions behind the scenes, in the forenoon, attracted the notice of the painter, who discovering unusual genius in his young acquaintance, permitted him to assist him with the brush, and at length suffered him to paint an entire new scene. The reward of young Malbone was a general ticket of admission, which was the more acceptable,

as it gave him the opportunity of hearing in secret the commendations of his work. While he thus amused himself at the Theatre, he filled up his little intervals at home with drawing heads; at length with attempting likenesses. Whether or no he was more pleased with his improvement in the latter occupation, he soon devoted himself solely to it. His rapid progress convinced him that he possessed talents, and gave alacrity to his endeavours. Prospects of fame began to open upon his mind, and that propensity which hitherto had been nourished by the mere force of nature, derived additional vigour from the hopes which reputation and wealth inspired. He began now to be known and patronized as a miniature painter. He visited the principal northern cities, and resided successively in New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston. In the winter of 1800 he came to Charleston, where his talents, and the peculiar amenity of his manners, enchanced the attentions which he received from the hospitality of its inhabitants. Although he delighted in conversation, the pleasures of the table never led him to neglect the more congenial occupations of his Painting Room. —It was his regular habit to begin study before breakfast, and to continue occupied the greater part of the day. So great an economist was he of time, that he even contrived a method of painting by candle light, by the means of glasses which condensed the rays, and threw them upon the ivory. But this was merely an experiment, which did not answer as he wished; it serves, however, to show the ardour of his mind in the pursuits of his favourite object. This ardour after excellence, induced sedentary habits, which, although they sensibly affected his health, he could not discontinue. In May 1801, he sailed from Charleston to London, where he he resided some months, absorbed in admiration of the paintings of celebrated masters. With a mind improved by study and observation, and animated by the enthusiasm of genius, he visited the different galleries of living painters, enlarging his ideas through the medium of their labours, and profiting by the contemplation of their works.—When in England, he was introduced to the President of the Royal Academy; who, conceiving a high opinion of his talents, gave him free access to his study, and showed him those marked and friendly attentions, which were more flattering than empty praises, to the mind of this young countryman. He even encouraged him to remain in England, assuring him that he had nothing to fear from professional competition—but he prefered his own country, and returned to Charleston the winter of 1801, where his improvement, in the short space of his absence, was very manifest. After this, he continued his pursuits in different parts of the Continent always finding employment.

Although by nature he had a strong constitution, it became of late so sensibly impaired by confinement and application, that he was compelled last summer, by the solicitation of his friends, to relinquish his pencil, and indulge in exercise; but his frame had become too weak, and he felt every symptom of an approaching consumption—His physicians recommended him to try a change of climate, and in the beginning of the winter he took passage in a vessel for Jamaica, but the change not producing much benefit, he returned to the first port in the United States, which was Savannah, where he languished until the 7th of this month (May, 1807) when death relieved him of his sufferings.

As we have followed Mr. Malbone through his professional walks, it may not be amiss to mention his private character, the prevailing features of which were amiableness and equanimity. He possessed a warm and generous heart, whose operations always discovered themselves in his actions and conversation. The profits of his profession, which were very considerable, he shared with honora-

ble liberality amongst his relations, to promote whose happiness was an object that always seemed to animate his exertions. Native diffidence promoted his favourite views, for he was unconscious of his merit, when improvement was to be obtained. Knowing that the painter's great secret is to learn to imitate nature, he disdained to make a mystery of his art, but was always ready to communicate without jealousy the result of his observation and experience. Although he was unable to devote much time to reading, yet he by no means neglected the improvement of his intellect, for it was his delight to procure a friend to read to him when painting. He had pursued with taste and attention many of the most approved English authours, and with a mind naturally acute and discriminating, selected and retained what he read.

As Miniature was the department he chose, it limited those powers which would have been eminent even in historick painting; but it was a style peculiarly congenial to the benevolence of his feelings. He imparted such life to the ivory, and produced always such striking resemblances, that they will never fail to perpetuate the tenderness of friendship, to divert the cares of absence, and to aid affection in dwelling on those features and that image, which death has forever wrested from it.

His style of painting was chaste and correct, his colouring clear and judiciously wrought, and his taste altogether derived from a just contemplation of nature.—In his female heads particularly, there was, when his subject permitted, an enchanting delicacy and beauty. We have never seen a pencil more happy in representing "the mild light of love," the "Lumen purpureum Juventæ." For these excellencies he would not suffer even from a comparison with Guido or Albani.

The memory of such a man will long be preserved with respect by those who knew him; his pencil, whose language is universal, will rescue his name from oblivion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Mr. Oldschool.

Having, unexpectedly, a little leisure, I am enabled to present you, before my departure, with a few more specimens of the poetry of Indianus, some of which you may perhaps think not totally unworthy of a place in your interesting miscellany. I must repeat, however, that I will not be answerable for their merits—neither Euterpe nor Calliope ever favoured me with their smiles or honoured with their friendship; to you, therefore, as their *minister and confidant*, I shall consign the verses in question, convinced that whatever may be your decision, it will be the result of a taste and judgment discriminating and impartial.

FRAGMENT

Of a manuscript Poem on the future happiness of America.

——————No cloud obscured
The face of heaven serene, and wandering rode
Full orb'd, with silent majesty, the moon
In bright meridian skies; still was the night,
Save where the midnight owl in distant woods
Rais'd her complaining note, or chanticleer
With shrillest voice proclaim'd the solemn hour.
At that lone hour o'er Gibbon's splendid page,
My eye, inquiring rov'd; mark'd the dread fall
"Of wide imperial Rome," once the proud nurse
Of Scipio's virtues and of Virgil's fame.
Is this, I musing paused, the fate of power?
Of arms heroick and of boasted arts,
The final doom? Is this the end of man!
Sudden a form, than human more appear'd
In Roman drapery clad; in withered hand
He held a glass that told the parting hour,
And rays ethereal circled o'er his brow,
His aged step and double visage spoke,
Janus, the hoary sovereign of years,
And slow in solemn speech, he thus began.
"Lament not, erring mortal, o'er the fall
Of gorgeous greatness and of guilty power
Throned on the ruins of a groaning world,
Turn from the blood-stained page to brighter scenes
Favour'd by Heaven and dear to free-born man.
Ere Time began to roll his length of years,
The present, future, and the past I knew;

In Fate's mysterious volume wond'ring read
The annals dark of each revolving age,
And from my ken no power, save one, can
hide,
The firm immutable behests of Heaven.
Curious, I read of Empires' rise and fall,
The secret springs of Man's disastrous fate
Thro' the long gloom of twice three thou-
sand years,
And saw in all the wond'rous round of time,
No age unsullied by the lust of sway
No year unstained by blood and tyrant pow-
er."

INDIANUS.

For The Port Folio.

ODE—from HAFIZ.

O thou who breath'st the matin air,
Sweet gentle Zephyr, tell me where
My well beloved dwells,
That moon of beauty, love, and joys
Who rash admirers soon destroys,
Who ev'ry one excels.

The night is dark, and Aiman's vale
Appears obscure; the moon is pale
Which late with splendour drest
The rising hills. Ah! who will lead
The anxious lover o'er the mead,
With his sweet maid to rest?

In ev'ry climate fools abound,
E'en now we see men searching round,
But who can find a sage?
Who understands the sense concealed,
Let him rejoice; when unrevealed,
Shall we explain our page?

With each dark ringlet of thine hair,
I have a thousand things my fair,
To regulate alone:
Ah! where's the sense I once could boast?
Alas in wine and love all lost;
Ah! where's the censor's frown?

Thy musky tresses charm my heart
I feel each raptur'd sense depart
Ah! why am I thus moved?
No joys the wine, dance, roses have
Without thee, life is like the grave,
Ah! where is my beloved?

From autumn's winds securely plac'd
In bow'rs with ev'ry beauty grac'd
Still Hafiz is forlorn;
He feels without thee pain in joy,
In every pleasure some alloy,
In ev'ry rose a thorn.

S.

ACROSTICK.

Mild modest muse, oh! once again,
Inspire your poet's humble strain,
So may the bard a wreath entwine,
Sacred to love, and mirth and wine.

Lethe's streams that oft impart
Useful oblivion to the heart,
Can never form its station there,
Remove the image of my Fair;
Even the loud din of Mars's train
That haunts us on the direful plain
In vain would try, with ceaseless art,
Alas! to tear her from my heart.

Bacchus' sons that love the vine
And oft, in sportive mood, entwine
Curling wreaths to deck the hair,
Kindred wreaths shall now prepare,
Unite the myrtle to the vine
Sacred to love and mirth and wine.

INDIANUS.

JOHN E. HALL, Esq. of Baltimore, has completed, and will speedily publish a Translation of "PRAXIS SUPREMÆ CURIÆ ADMIRALITATIS," written by Francis Clerke, who was Register of the Court of Arches, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This is almost the only work on the practice of the Admiralty Court, and is esteemed as unquestionable authority at the bar. A translation of the third edition was published, about the commencement of the last century; but the fifth edition, which Mr. Hall has used, possesses the advantage of much additional matter, both in the text and the notes. The present work will contain notes on the practice in this country, and a variety of such precedents as have been established in our own courts of maritime jurisdiction.

The accuracy, learning and talents of MR. HALL powerfully recommend his work; and as its subject is not confined to the law and the practice of this state, there can be no doubt of its being considered as a valuable gift to the American Bar generally.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and Published, for the Editor, by SMITH & MAXWELL,

NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.